

Private Rogers

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Summary: All senses gone. No light to see by. Memories flash by in his head. And then there is that horrible, squirming pain in his chest...

Private Rogers

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Dear Lord! screamed private Rogers in his head from the pain. He had tried to scream aloud, but no noise would come out his mouth. He couldn't think because of the pain, it was so incrushiating, and he couldn't breath either, there was something blocking his throat. Then the pain subsided to a small pulse in his body, and he felt like he would throw up. He couldn't even see! All that was in his vision was sickly colour of flesh, with what appeared to be blood running into his eyes. He tried to close his eyes, but something was preventing him from doing so.

Then the pain started up again, and his entire body hurt. He threw up, but the vile wouldn't go out his mouth, something was blocking it. It all fell back into his mouth, and he tasted it before swallowing it. He picked up his shaking left arm, his right arm wouldn't move, and it took all of his strength to do so. He brought it near his face and wiped at his face, removing a thin layer of rotten flesh that covered his eyes and mouth. He gasped for breath, breathing hard, and he could see. How he could see. Some words croaked out his mouth, "ohâ€¦ g-godâ€¦!"

Around the dark room was scattered what remained of his platoon. Body parts strewn about, internal organs lay derelict on the floor, blood everywhere, and that was only in his field of vision from the darkness. The only source of light was from a flashlight. He reached over for it when his internal pain ebbed away. He picked it up, and shone it down at his own body.

He was horrified; his right arm was broken in several places, is

clothing was tattered and torn, and that same layer of dead skin seemed to cover him. He then became aware of the horrible, throbbing pain again. He doubled over, and pulled his good arm towards his chest, trying to stop the pain. But it was useless. "Whatâ€¦ theâ€¦ hell," he managed to say in a slow and quiet voice. He grasped at his chest, and felt something squirm inside him.

His platoon, what had they done? Why were they all dead? The last thing Rogers remembered was that they were looking for a Covenant ground base, hidden in that goddamned squat little building. Surprisingly, they hadn't encountered any Covenant resistance. They followed the hallway downward for what seemed like forever, and came to an elevator. Most of them didn't want to take the chance of walking into a trap, but they had gone down anyway.

Rogers tried to remember what happened next, but a blinding pain shot through his skull, forcing him to lie on the ground. When the pain subsided, he racked his brain for the information. They went onto the elevator, as it was the only way down, and then followed a series of hallways until they came to a large set of doors. And that's when it started, Rogers guessed.

The doors were locked, so the plan was to blast them open with several packs of C4. They should have heeded the Covenant's warning and left that room severely blocked to the outside world. But how were they to know what lie within? So they blasted the big doors, and stormed inside. What awaited them, however, was something they hadn't ever imagined.

Bodies strewn everywhere. Covenant bodies. Purple and pink blood was splattered against the walls: a grizzly sight. Several theories as to what had happened there came from the mouths of Rogers' comrades, and they let down their guard. Oh god, they shouldn't have let down their guard! Those god-forsaken things that looked like deformed elites with rotting flesh had stormed out; running, jumping and charging their way in order to get to them. The platoon retreated, well, what was left of the platoon. They got to a adjacent room, and Rogers couldn't remember what had happened after that.

Rogers shuddered and stopped thinking about it. The pain in his chest started up again, but this was a different pain. Something slid out of a small incision in Rogers' chest, and fell to the floor; dead. He looked at it after the pain subsided: it looked like a little squid, only deflated.

Rogers grabbed the flashlight off the floor, and slowly stood up; not daring to look down at that thing. His pain had stopped, thank god, but he was still feeling really weak. He stabled himself, then brought up the courage to flash the light around the room. Apparently, the rest of his squad had died here, and he wasn't even going to guess at what those piles of dead skin in the corner were.

He licked his dry lips, and realized how thirsty he was. Now only one thought penetrated his head, and that was of survival. If he was going to live, he would have to find his way out of this place. He wobbled forward a bit, and also found out that he had twisted his ankle. _Great_, he thought.

Once he had made his way to a door, he heard something. It sounded

like someone crunching up dried leaves. Rogers looked around the room, and saw that something was rising out of one of the piles of dried flesh. He watched in awe as it steadied itself, and he was paralyzed with fear as it stumbled toward him. It came to him, slowly, and soon it was close enough for Rogers to recognize who it was.

"Marty?" he croaked to the vile beast. Then the light went out.

End
file.